THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XL. No. 1024 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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CORPORATION MANNERS

The lightning flash of Mr. Norman Collins' resignation from television just after the banning of "Party Manners" is in startling contrast to the halcyon atmosphere which has bathed the B.B.C. for so many years. Since its birth the Corporation has had a singularly placid life, shielded by its Charter both from Parliamentary interference in its daily work and from commercial competition. The British public has accepted with remarkable complacency the contradiction that, whereas a free, commercial, and competitive press is essential to British liberty, exactly the opposite principle should be applied to broadcasting. The vast extension of the Corporation's activities, undertaken during the war, including an elaborate system of overseas propaganda and the development at home of both Forces and religious education, passed almost unnoticed. During its first two years of office, when change could have been made more easily than now, the Labour Government did not treat the reform of the B.B.C. as a top priority. It is only now, six years after the war, that the Beveridge Commission has completed its investigations. To the superficial observer it might have looked, a few weeks ago, as though the Corporation had been accepted as an institution as respectable and unchallengeable as the Monarchy.

Why then this sudden storm on the eve of the publication of the Beveridge Report? The cause of the trouble, of course, is television. Even in sound broadcasting the Corporation has always shown itself insanely jealous of commercial competition from Luxembourg and elsewhere. During the war, the European and the overseas services, manned by ardent innovators from outside, became for a few years serious competitors with the Home programmes. But most of their innovations have now been smoothed away, and the hierarchy in London has also been successful in putting every obstacle in the way of genuine regional independence. Until television came along, there seemed little chance of halting an inevitable process of centralisation, bureaucratisation, and ossification.

Now a new chance has come. Mr. Collins' case is that, if television remains under the control of Portland Place, its growth will be stultified. In order to develop, television must compete freely with sound broadcasting. We believe that these criticisms of B.B.C. policy are unanswerable, and they should also be applied to sound broadcasting itself. Whether the solution lies in some admixture of commercialism or in the formation of independent regional units is a much more difficult question. What seems to us certain is that the authoritarian rule of Broadcasting House needs to be checked by decentralisation and competition.

The issues raised by the banning of "Party Manners" are not so unrelated as at first sight appears. Whatever view is taken of this trivial play, the Chairman's reasons for banning it raise very grave issues. Lord Simon claims that the B.B.C. cannot remain neutral on such questions as democracy. But if it is to be positive democracy, one may ask, how can the Corporation avoid becoming actively political? As soon as neutrality is abandoned, output is bound to express the political views of a handful of high officials almost unknown to the public. A Corporation which claims to teach us the democratic and Christian way of life cannot avoid taking sides in party controversy. By making this claim Lord Simon has strengthened the case for decentralisation and competition. It is intolerable that a tiny group of men, shielded from any public control of their programme planning, should be permitted to teach us what democracy means.

The Tories at Blackpool

That Mr. Churchill was enjoying a day's racing at Newmarket during the first day of the Conservative Conference showed clearly enough that the Party is still true to the principle of personal leadership. Mr. Churchill may be told by Lord Woolton what took place in the debate, but he is not bound to pay any attention. The Leader makes policy in consultation with those whose advice he values. This no doubt explains the apparent irresponsibility of the Conference decision on housing. In an uproar of enthusiasm the "floor" demanded a target of 300,000 from the platform, and Lord Woolton, like an auctioneer, applauded this magnificent bid. But why not 400,000 or 500,000 or a million? It is easy enough to pass a resolution when what it expresses is a "felt want" and not a responsible decision.

The real importance of a Tory Conference is always the disclosures it affords about Conservative electoral tactics. Despite Mr. Churchill's denunciation of the £3,500,000 rearmament programme as totally inadequate, he is apparently still determined to outbid the Socialists in promises of social improvements. If we are to take Blackpool seriously, the country is simultaneously to

rearm, to increase its housing programme by 50%, to maintain all its social services and to reduce the burden on taxation - and all this is to be paid for by economising on Government expenditure. The mixture is the same as before, except that there are to be more houses and more arms.

It is perhaps noteworthy that the Conference carefully avoided any reference to the Schuman Plan and preferred to concentrate attention on an effort to split the trade unions from the Labour Party. There was the usual smattering of working-class speakers, each received with an ovation; but since the platform refused to permit any discussion of wages, it is unlikely that the trade union vote will be seriously affected. Mr. Churchill still pins his hopes on the Liberals. And very wisely he said very little about them.

Thirty Ninth Parallel?

While Truman and MacArthur were meeting on Wake Island - and disposing of their differences, according to the hand-outs, in a couple of hours' conversation - the army in Korea continued its advance northward over the 38th Parallel, took the railway junction of Kumchon, and converged on Pyongyang, the North Korean capital. Although Stalin has sent the North Korean Prime Minister a message of goodwill and encouragement, and the Chinese Foreign Minister, Chou En-lai, has reiterated his Government's concern for the welfare of the Koreans, there continues to be no sign of intervention from that side, and both statements were indeed somewhat elliptical. In Washington, meanwhile, speculation is reported on the notion of "moving the Parallel northward" by rather more than one degree - "so as to bring the capital of North Korea and all its important industries under MacArthur's occupation, while leaving, as a buffer with Manchuria, the three mountainous northerly provinces. It may be that this formula is no more than an admission that guerilla activity by the defeated North Koreans is certain to continue, and will be extremely hard if not impossible to contain, at least as long as the victory of the United Nations remains equivalent with a restoration of the old regime, as MacArthur, apparently, intends that it should.

Military considerations, in any case, are no longer of first importance. What matters now is the kind of peace which the United Nations can promote in Korea. South Korea is again governed by Syngman Rhee and his landlord friends, with their former apparatus of brutality presumably once more on hand. To the decision of the U.N. Commission for Korea to exclude the Rhee regime from North Korea, at least until elections have been held, the Rhee Government has now replied with a protest of rejection. Rhee knows quite well that properly conducted elections in any part of Korea would fling him out of office; and he wants, of course, to conduct the North Korean elections himself. This must be prevented, if the mandate which MacArthur holds from the United Nations is not to be turned into a mockery. To conduct elections in North Korea under U.N. supervision - and thus to secure, as everything suggests, an anti-Rhee majority - while at the same time allowing Rhee to remain in office in South Korea, is completely to stultify the task of reunifying the country.

It must be obvious, furthermore, that if peace is to be assured in Korea, the political settlement must give reasonable guarantees of personal safety and indemnity to the tens of thousands of Koreans who took part in and aided the invasion of the South, or who benefited from the land reform which the invaders introduced. This means that the U.N. Commission which is now to become the provisional political authority for North Korea must also assume that authority in South Korea - until elections have returned a representative Parliament. By the same token, the Commission, if it is to be finally effective and to win the confidence of the North Koreans, must include representatives of Communist China.

The Vietnam Dilemma

Our Paris correspondent writes: News of the disaster which befell the garrison of Caobang in its withdrawal threw the French Government into a state of utter confusion. M. Moch, Socialist Minister of Defence, now in Washington, promised his American interviewers that the "rebels would yet be smashed", completely forgetting all the pious sentiments concerning a "peaceful settlement" in Indo-China expressed by his Socialist colleagues until recently. In Paris, M. Pleven decided to dispatch to Indo-China immediately General Juin ("gets on well with the Americans") and M. Letourneau, Minister for Indo-Chinese affairs. Both are said to have spent much time snarling at the "politicians", saying that the Caobang disaster was primarily due to the insufficient number of French troops in Indo-China and lack of funds; they are also believed to have complained of large American supplies for Indo-China having been diverted to Korea.

"More money, more men!" Such is the solution advocated by some members of the Government. The Vietnam war is already costing France £150 million a year; the figure is now expected to be increased to £200 millions. And, of course, America must help "in a big way". What does that mean? There are several schools of thought. There are those who, while clamouring for American military aid, are determined that Indo-China should remain essentially a French show. If the Americans are willing to send some G.I.s to Viet Nam, well and good; but it must not become a "purely international" affair, at the end of which (whatever the end) France's "mission" in Indo-China would be reduced to nothing. Next, there are those who, like "Franc-Tireur", would like the whole thing to be handed over to U.N. for a peaceful settlement. "Eyewash!" say the Communists. "The only kind of peaceful settlement possible is the withdrawal of the French from Indo-China". And, finally, there are those - still a small minority in France, it seems - who are ready to hand Indo-China over to MacArthur, on the not very convincing ground that Vietminh has been allegedly receiving help from Communist China. Reports from Washington suggest that MacArthur is all in favour of blasting Indo-China sky-high, as he has already blasted Korea. As in Korea, so in Indo-China, we are told, a "democratic" regime must be set up - one in which the Communists would, of course, be outlawed. In other words, is Bao Dai - albeit reluctantly - grooming himself, after his holiday at Cannes, for the role of Syngman Rhee?

It is somehow hoped in France that the extreme - i.e., the "MacArthur" - solution will be avoided. The alternatives are for France to negotiate a settlement with Ho Chi Minh, for U.N. to negotiate a settlement, or for France to remain in command of the interminable war - regardless of cost. "Franc-Tireur", reflecting widespread French left-wing, non-Communist opinion, rightly says that the financial burden for France means that far more Communists are made in France than are killed in Viet Nam as long as this war goes on. The real danger is that MacArthur may take it into his head that his next mission is to wipe out Vietminh - and never mind about Europe. The two schools of thought - "East first" and "West first" - are sharply divided; French opinion - and the Government itself - is far from presenting a picture of unanimity. Even the most "Anti-Red" French colonialists hate (even apart from their financial interests) the idea of treating the people of Annam like so many black beetles, a l'américaine.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

With the printing dispute still unsettled as we write, we have once more to crave the indulgence of readers and advertisers for a third "emergency" issue. It will be, we hope, easier on the eyes than its two predecessors; but readers are asked to remember that the conditions of its production involve going to press 36 hours in advance of our normal time.

FOOTING THE BILL

It is becoming obvious that the problem of meeting the cost of British rearmament on a scale acceptable to the U.S. Congress has altered in character, and greatly increased in difficulty, during the past two months. When the British Government, early in August, made President Truman "very happy" by its announcement that it was willing "in principle" to spend £3,400 m. on armaments over the next three years, the announcement was qualified by a reservation. This was that this "new and upper limit" of Defence expenditure could be attained only if substantial extra financial assistance from the U.S.A., over and above continued Marshall Aid, were forthcoming. It is, indeed, an open secret that representations were made to Washington that, of the extra £1,000 m. which it was proposed to pile on to the Defence Estimates in 1951-54, over half would have to be found by the American Treasury if the rearmament programme were not to undo the progress painfully made by Britain since 1945 towards economic recovery. Furthermore, it was evident that, in its insistence that, at best, rearmament must mean the abandonment of many hoped for "improvements", the Government was counting not merely on the strict limitation of capital investment for social purposes, but also on its ability to persuade the trade unions to exercise continued restraint in wage claims.

Today it is painfully clear that neither of the assumptions on which it was reckoned that guns could be made without an undue sacrifice of butter is any longer valid. On the one hand, the inflation of world prices - most of all in the case of the raw materials entering into munitions - set off by the rearmament boom in the United States means that the cost of a given volume of new arms will be much bigger than was originally estimated. It is apparent also that the scramble, already begun, by the big trade unions to get in ahead with wage claims means that there is no longer any possibility of avoiding an increase of at least ten per cent. in the wage-costs entering into arms manufacture. On the other hand, it is equally evident that the present mood of Congress is by no means favourable to giving Britain additional help in footing the bill. The silence which has followed Britain's request for something approaching 1,500 m. of "free" dollars, available for the purchase of imports from any part of the world, undoubtedly does not spell consent.

The attitude of the average Congressman, particularly on the eve of the mid-term elections, is intelligible. He sees the impressive gains being recorded in the sterling area's reserves of gold and dollars; he is conscious that rising costs of living have so far hit his own electors much more painfully than Mr. Attlee's; he is told that British workers are tumbling over each other to secure a share in the fruits of increased production; and he sees no sign that British social services (which Republican propaganda has convinced him are extravagant) are being slimmed. All in all, he is under the impression that Britain is asking the United States to finance not so much her rearmament as her continued Socialist prosperity - rearmament or no. It is not surprising, therefore, if his present inclination is to say: "Let's wait and see. If Britain gets into a jam, we will help out, as we did in World War II. But to expect us to sanction a new Lend-Lease in peacetime before there is any indication in Britain that rearmament has begun to hurt, is asking too much."

The British Government is in a position to make a cogent reply. It can point out that the admitted improvement in the sterling area's balance of payments position is not an accurate measurement of the situation of the United Kingdom. Not merely do the increased dollar earnings of the Dominions and Colonies, through sales at inflated prices of wool, tin and rubber, mean that Britain's sterling indebtedness to those areas is mounting; the general increase in the cost of living is likely to worsen considerably Britain's terms of trade. Moreover, America's own decision to slash her exports of raw cotton represents a new threat to the maintenance of the present level of British exports, quite apart from the question of diverting labour from civilian to war production. It would be sanguine to rely on the efficacy of the somewhat demagogic proposals made by O.E.E.C. for overcoming world scarcity of raw materials; the necessary international controls for securing equitable distribution and stable prices simply do not exist. It would certainly be intolerable, from the British Government's point of view, for the United States to expect this country to sail blindly forward towards a fresh economic blizzard, in the expectation that rescue would come from America before the ship actually sank.

What conclusions are we to draw? First, discussions between the United States and both Britain and all the other European members of the North Atlantic Defence Pact are likely to be tough and protracted. After the November elections it is possible that Congress may be in a mood more receptive to additional appropriations in aid of Western European defence; much will turn on developments meanwhile in Korea and the Far East. But it would be optimistic to expect that Mr. Gaitskell will return from his mission to Washington with the firm promise of billions of dollars for armaments in his pocket; all that he seems to have secured is an agreement that the U.S. will help with some credits the first £200 m. of the cost of Britain's arms programme in the coming year. This, in turn, would seem to imply that there must be some deceleration in the rate at which the British rearmament programme gets under way. If it adheres, as it should, to its decision last August that, in the struggle against Communism, economic stability is as important as the equipment of armoured divisions, the Government clearly cannot plunge into the full flood of a £3,400 m. programme with no assurance that the American assistance for which it definitely stipulated will be forthcoming.

We see no cause for dismay in such a prospect. After all, is it yet too late to hope that, before we are finally committed to a vast unproductive expenditure which, at best, must hamstring Britain's economic progress for a decade, an easement of international tension may come about which will render 100 per cent. fulfilment of the armaments programme unnecessary? Though it is too soon to assess the value of Mr. Vyshinsky's proposal last week that there should be a new Big Five Conference to discuss peace and security, it is at least encouraging that the Soviet delegate spoke for once in sober, almost conciliatory tones. We still refuse to accept the view that there can be no truce in the Cold War; that the world has no choice but to pile up arms automatically and wait for the explosion. Millions of Labour Party supporters who fully agree that Britain must have armed strength to defend her integrity if attacked, and that weakness leads to bad bargains, have still to be convinced that there is no room left in the world for peace-making diplomacy.

LONDON DIARY

The latest tactic in the gentle game of political "smearing" practised by a section of the Tory press is to pick out some trivial incident in the private life of a Minister and give it such prominence that readers are left with the feeling that "there must be something more to it, if the whole truth could be told". For instance, on Wednesday last week, the "Daily Express" reported that Mr. Aneurin Bevan had obtained from the Tredegar Urban Council a license to add, for £214, a garage to the house which he shares at Tredegar with sister and brother-in-law. Scarcely "news", one would say. Yet, embellished with two photographs and all manner of insignificant details - an interview with the builder, the number and date of the license, and the fact that Mr. Bevan is driving a borrowed car while awaiting delivery of a new 16 H.P. Humber - this story, with a four-decker headline,

occupied 17 inches of the front page, against 7½ inches given to President Truman's visit to MacArthur. On Friday - when Korea and Lake Success between them rated under 6 inches of space - it was Dr. Summerskill's turn on the front page of the "Express". Allowing for photograph, map and double-column headlines, 20 inches were devoted to the news that Dr. Jeffrey Samuel, husband of Dr. Edith Summerskill, had bought a five-bedroom house in Highgate. The price was £12,000; the house needed repairs; and the garden, dilapidated but of three-quarters of an acre, "almost joined" that of a house occupied by the Soviet Trade Delegation.

What are readers supposed to conclude? That Mr. Bevan "wangled" a license unfairly, or that Dr. Summerskill wants to plot with Russians across her garden fence? There was no hint of either suggestion by the "Express". Is it that a Labour Minister should not own a car, or have a husband financially able to buy a house overlooking Hampstead Heath? I have no clue to the working of Beaverbrook Press logic - although I have a suspicion that the earnings of the top executives of the "Express" are double that of any Cabinet Minister. The tactic, I repeat, seems simply to be to sensationalise quite unimportant personal doings - without any inaccuracy or demonstrable distortion - with the result that many people may conclude that so much smoke must conceal some fire. A nasty game.

* * *

I didn't think much of the idea when I first heard that, amongst the many visitors to Yugoslavia this summer, a delegation of the National Peace Council would investigate Soviet charges of aggressive preparations by Tito. After all, what could a bunch of amateurs find out about the projected use of aerodromes and military bases? My scepticism was ill-placed. The delegation contained more than one member who could speak Serbo-Croat, and it made a considerable and systematic enquiry. John Lawrence, who once ran British Ally in Moscow, had the bright idea of writing to the Russian Chargé d'Affaires in Belgrade listing various Soviet charges and asking for further details so that they might be thoroughly investigated. He got no answer, but the delegation visited all the places mentioned by Cominform propaganda and discovered that the areas said to be vacated for military purposes were actually inhabited as usual, and that none of the places mentioned were fortified or used by foreign or Yugoslav forces. One of the few things that can really be assumed in this world without any enquiry is that Tito is not fool enough to start a war against the Cominform world.

* * *

The French police appear to have behaved with characteristic nastiness in their treatment of Spanish Communist and other Republican refugees arrested in France on September 7. So far as scanty news reveals, these refugees, who have already suffered far more than most people in the last ten years, and have surely earned, one would have thought, a little peace and quiet, were taken from their homes early in the morning and bundled straight into prison. There is even doubt whether they were given a choice of destination, as was claimed by the French Government at least officieusement: there were cases, I hear, in which the police arrived with deportation orders already bearing the necessary official signatures. As for the reason for the arrests, it is indeed hard to understand why security precautions in this day and hour should demand of the French that they should deprive the Spanish refugee hospital in Toulouse of the whole of its medical staff.

Whether or not they were actually given the choice of going to Eastern Europe if they wished (and if they could), it seems that about 150 of these men and women, out of the 177 who were arrested, are now in the old Vichy concentration camps in North Africa and the Sahara. There, presumably, the French Government intends that they shall stay for the duration of the Cold War, - however many years that may be. It is a grim comment on the state of Europe.

I heard someone say that the little Watergate Theatre is trying to recapture the atmosphere of the 'twenties. Whether that was a fair description of the quite brilliant 10.30 Revue which has just finished there, I am not sure; but the Picasso "Desire Caught By The Tail", which has now taken its place, takes one back to 1910. It belongs to the period of Blast and Wyndham Lewis' Dadaists. It seems to me to have no point but to shock the bourgeoisie; and as there are no longer any bourgeois in the 1910 sense, I can see no point in it at all. Never was ingenuity of staging, and in some cases, real acting talent expended on a more arrant bit of nonsense. Indeed, I cannot believe that Picasso meant it to be shown except by way of a private joke. The recipe for writing it is not difficult to follow: choose a simple and erotic theme, and then let "free association" run - the words will come out as they do if you lie on a couch in a psycho-analyst's consulting room. But the psycho-analyst doesn't write the words down and then assign them to different characters called Thin and Fat Anxiety and the like. I am waiting for the next edition of the 10.30 Revue.

* * *

Producing a weekly - in sections, some of which must go to press days early - during this printing dispute is like trying to conduct an orchestra in "Alice" - violins one day, the wood-wind another, with haunting doubts all the time whether the players will turn up.

POLYCRITIC

NO SMOKE

"The Monogram Film Company has abandoned the production of "Hiawatha", because the picture might be regarded as a message for peace and therefore helpful to Communist designs." New York Times, September 12th.

By the shores of the Pacific,
By the Laughing-Big-Sea-Water,
Picture-makers planned a screenplay
From the tale of Hiawatha,
Steeped in colours of the sunset;
Hired the remnants of Five Nations,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Built the village and the wigwams.
But before they started shooting
Came the Chief to the Director,
Summoned a production pow-wow
And dejectedly addressed them:
"Brothers, hear my words of wisdom"
Cried he to the Studio warriors,
"For the Nation is in danger
From the tribe of Bol-She-Viki,
Blowing over Western prairies
Fumes of their offensive peace-pipes.
Hold!" he cried, "lest Hiawatha
Should provoke misunderstanding,
Should expose us to the witch-hunt,
As subversive propaganda!
Look!" he said, "I see the bloodshot
Eyes of Sen-A-Tor Mac-Ar-Thy
Glare upon me from the Senate,
He, the Watch-dog of our People!"
"Kaw!" they cried, "You said a mouthful!"
"Ugh!" they cried, "We cannot risk it!
Un-American the story,
The disarming of the warriors,
Un-American, disloyal,
The Pukwana of the peace-pipe!
Let us wash up the production
As unfit for exhibition!
Not the war-drums but the peace-pipes
Scare the Fathers of the Nation!"
Therefore they dispersed the Pawnees,
Mohawks, Delawares, Dacotahs,
Put in store the paint and feathers...
By the Laughing-Big-Sea-Water,
There they packed up Hiawatha.

SAGITTARIUS

REPORT ON ITALY

I. THE TWO NATIONS

From Victor Emanuel's arcade, where middle-class Milan rubs shoulders with a sprinkling of moneyed tourists at Biffi's crowded and expensive tables, it is a good step to the gray, dreary streets of Sesto San Giovanni and the half-derelict machine-shops of the sprawling Breda metal-works. As far perhaps as from the glossy Via Roma in Turin to the grimy suburbs dominated by Fiat and Snia Viscosa, from the opulence of Genoa's colonnades in the Via XX Settembre to the closed works and penury of grimy Bolzaneto. As far, shall we say, as from one nation to another.

Italian tourist offices do not include the industrial suburbs among the "sights" listed for these northern cities. The visitor from abroad may wonder vaguely who buys those tinsel-wrapped chocolates at twenty shillings per lb., or why it is that customers are so few in shops crammed enticingly with all manner of strictly non-utility goods. But he is not encouraged to ascertain that his bill, after lunch for two, may represent over half a week's earnings in a working-class Italian household, or that the cassata ice which will "do instead of tea" for his wife later in the afternoon is going to cost more than a single worker's daily unemployment benefit. With a rueful reflection now and then that thousand-lire notes seem to melt very rapidly, he observes that the Marshall-ised Italy of his selective vision seems to have "re-covered" very nicely: are there not surpassingly elegant women to be seen, good tailoring and expensive hand-bags, plenty of Coco-Cola, lots even of whipped cream? What he fails to realise is that he is watching, participant spectator, the thin upper-crust of a social structure which has divided Italy with increasing sharpness into "two nations", and beneath which a movement of revolt - limited for the moment in its tactical objectives, but essentially revolutionary in its ultimate challenge - is gaining momentum.

It is the current fashion in Fleet Street to give news from Italy the go-by, or at best to dismiss all develop-ments briefly as incidents in the Cold War. If there is a strike, followed by a wave of arrests by Signor Scelba's trigger-conscious Celere, readers are asked to ascribe it to Cominform directives that North Atlantic Pact Defences must be sabotaged by fomented "unrest". In fact, the industrial campaign which was launched at a confer-ence of the General Confederation of Labour (C.G.I.L.) in Rome on August 27, and which seems likely to result in Italy's most acute class-struggle since the war, is not remotely connected, in the eyes of Italian trade union-ists with Western rearmament programmes: the issues are strictly "bread and butter" issues - the claim to a living wage and the right to work.

There is evidence, indeed, that early last summer the leadership of the C.G.I.L. and of the metallurgical trade unions (F.I.O.M.) reached the conclusion that there was danger to the trade union movement in too many political strikes, too many "protest" stoppages. Not that there is any sign of disintegration in the ranks of the Left trade unions: their solidarity and their numerical strength have withstood five years of massive unemployment and every device - including dollar-financed coach outings on summer evenings! - with which the "free" unions of De Gasperi's fashioning have tried to capture membership. But there was, one may agree, a real risk of the strike weapon becoming discredited if it were used indiscriminate-ly against the landing of American munitions, the forma-tion of Scelba's new para-Fascist militia or a Budget in which 30 per cent of total expenditure is now to be devoted to arms.

It could then be attacked as doing deliberate damage to production for political ends. Spend a day at Sesto San Giovanni and taste the bitterness with which workers of every grade - Communists, Socialists and elderly radicals alike - view "under-production" and the derelict plant which "they" have shut down: the need becomes apparent for a "realistic" 1950 trade union campaign which would rally the ranks in a fight for bread and work.

The wage demands tabled this autumn by the unions, and "stalled" so far in inconclusive parleys first with the Confindustria of employers and then with the Minister of Labour, were two-fold. First they asked that there should be a revaluation of the differentials for skills. This move may have been motived in part by a desire to mobil-ise support from the older craftsmen, among whom there is a significantly higher proportion of non-Communists, but the demand itself was intrinsically reasonable. To an ex-tent much greater even than in Britain, the traditional scales for skilled grades of labour had been almost obliterated in Italy by uniform cost-of-living increases awarded during and since the war: the existing wage structure had become absurdly disincentive.

Next, the unions demanded an all-round 5 per cent in-crease. Here, too, their case was strong. Since April, the cost of living - comparatively stable between the beginning and end of 1949 - had been rising appreciably. The Statistical Bulletin issued by the Turin Chamber of Commerce gives the following figures as a measurement of the monthly cost of maintaining a household comprising man, wife and three children under eleven in June of this year:-

	Lire
Food	33,963
Clothing	9,454
Rent	1,913
Heat and Light	3,138
Miscellaneous	3,135
Total	56,653
Corresponding total in 1938	1,223

As the figure given above for rent would have to be raised if the worker were tenant of a post-war apartment, the fore-going budget may be taken as a conservative es-timate; but since barely 100,000 new dwelling-units have been built in Italy since the war, and there are still less than 27 million rooms to house 46 million people, one need not dwell unduly on the correct assessment of (admittedly low) average rent. The figure that matters in relation to this estimate of 56,653 lire (£32.8s.) of essential expenditure is that of the average full-time wage of semi-skilled Italian workers. It is round about 28,000 lire (£16) a month - just half a family's needs.

How do they "get by" on these wages - with bread sell-ing at 1s. 4d. for a 2-lb. loaf, poor stewing beef at 3s 3d. and boned veal at 8s. per lb? And how do the two million unemployed fare - with a "dole" (exhausted after six months) ranging from 2s.6d. a day for a bachelor to 4s.6d. for a married man with children, and with one in seven of those out of work disqualified? Time and again, I asked those questions in the gaunt suburbs of Milan, Turin and Genoa - only to be answered with a shrug. Odd jobs (often shared out, two days at a time, among friends) the infinite kindness of more fortunate compagni - these help, but the only possible solution of an im-possible equation is a good deal of under-nourishment - quite enough, even in a relatively kind climate, to rouse behind the C.G.I.L.'s wage demands a solid closing of the ranks which should have warned the Confindustria of trouble ahead, even if a living wage had been the only issue.

There is, however, wages apart - an even bigger and more challenging issue in this autumn's trade union cam-paign. It is the question of licenziamenti - dismissals of so-called "redundant" workers, whose numbers Signor Saragat once cheerfully put at 300,000. The movement by the employers in both the private and State-financed sec-tors of heavy industry to rationalise costs by discharg-ing men began as soon as the 1948 Elections seemed to have made Italy safe for "freedom" and laisser-faire. By the end of 1949, not only were whole factories such as Isotta-Fraschini and Caproni shut down; the Ansaldo ship-building works alone had sacked 7,000 Genovese, and Breda

was undergoing a similar process. This year, the trade unions saw a fresh wave of licenziamenti gathering force - a further 1,000 men stood off by Breda, 4,400 move "notices" given by Ansaldo. In Liguria alone, this month, 8,700 men lost their jobs or had notice to quit; and, as an emphatically non-Communist shop-steward at Sesto San Giovanni put it to me, with structural unemployment above the six-figure mark in both Milan and Genoa, "to sack a man today is to murder his family".

The reaction of the C.G.I.L. was to lodge a demand that, in giving notices of dismissal, employers must "show cause", and that all further discharges or closing down of plant must be subject to the judgment of a mixed arbitration committee. It is on this issue, rather than the wage question (where some compromise might be reached), that battle has been joined. For here the Italian workers, as they are all well aware, no matter what their political party allegiance - are making a demand which is fundamentally incompatible with the crazy fabric of monopolist profit which the most selfish, stupid and uncompromising bourgeoisie in Europe has re-created in post-war Italy.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Genoa, September.

(to be continued)

OUTWARD BOUND

During 1949, some 200,000 men, women and children left Great Britain to settle in the Commonwealth countries. Of these, 80,000 went to Australia, the nation which feels the most crying need for population, which has made the most lavish propaganda to attract immigrants, and which offers the cheapest passages. This year, what with a change of Government and a resulting overhaul of the immigration arrangements, the number will be only about 65,000; but next year and in future years Australian officials are confident that it will break all records.

So much for the figures - and they are evidence of a drift of some importance. What about the people who are going? In 1950, the great majority of the emigrants to Australia went under the "assisted passages scheme". A brief explanation is necessary. Any British subject may, without formality, buy a ticket to Australia, take with him his belongings and cash, and embark. Once there, however, he must take his chance not only of finding a job - not very difficult - but of finding a house - very difficult indeed in the present acute shortage. But, if someone in Australia will guarantee him accommodation on arrival, he will, after waiting some three months for a ship, get an assisted passage. This costs £10 for an adult, £5 for a young person of 14-18 years of age, and nothing for a child.

The beneficent "someone" is either a relative already in Australia, or a potential employer, or, in the case of large families who will have to start their new life in hostels, the Department of Immigration itself. In practice, assisted passages go to workers qualified in a trade for which labour is badly needed in Australia. The list of trades is very long for single men or women (a fair number of typists and nurses is going). For married men there is a shorter but still considerable list, and for family men a short list mainly connected with building, brick-making, and metal work. The system is flexible, but the general rule is: the less essential your trade, the longer you wait.

Of the emigrants to Australia during the years 1945-49, only 40 per cent went on assisted passages. Among those who paid full fare, many were doubtless working-class folk using their savings or service gratuities to skip the then wearisome wait for shipping under the assisted scheme. But one cannot assert definitely that a majority were not middle-class people with a fair amount of capital. In 1950, however, it is reckoned, 70 per cent of the emigrants are going under the assisted scheme. Two deductions may be made. First, the substantial majority consists without any doubt of working-class people. Second, most of them have considered carefully the pros and cons of emigration. Those who go on impulse, as an adventure, for a long visit camouflaged as emigration, because of a family upset or a failure to readjust to civilian life, influenced by grand words from an Australian comrade-in-arms - those assorted categories must by now be a negligible minority, even taken together.

In most cases, the reasons why people want to go to Australia are also reasons why they want to leave England. It is surely worth asking why, in 1950, a hundred thousand people should leave a country enjoying full employment, offering a newly expanded system of social services, and apparently on the way to recovery, to try their fortunes on the other side of the world. Two facts make the phenomenon more surprising. One is that no emigrants, so far as I know, mention fear of atomic war as a motive. The other is that the emigrants must include a good number of labour votes, embracing with equanimity life under a militant Tory Government now pushing laws to restrict civil and trade union liberties.

The level of wages is the answer in many cases. "I'm interested in money, I don't make any bones about it," one emigrant told me. In Sydney - the rates are rather lower elsewhere - a railway signalman makes at least £8.1s. a week, a baker £9.7s., a lorry-driver £8.5s., a pattermaker £9.17s., a painter £9.10s. Australian income-tax is lower than ours, and family allowances have been raised to 5s. for the first child and 10s. for the others. Of course, these figures are of money wages, not real wages. Official pamphlets, replete with statistics on every other subject, are rather vague about retail prices and rents. But this proviso won't deter the intending emigrant while the prices of many goods continue to rise here and many Councils are raising their rents.

The next reflection on British conditions provoked by a few talks with emigrants is this: full employment has been bought at the cost of mobility of labour. About 98 per cent of our working population is employed. But apparently many of them work at jobs they dislike, and see no prospect of getting into the industries which attract them, even if they originally worked in those industries, say before the war. In Australia these people see a chance of striking out into a new line. Perhaps they have a specific aim, perhaps they intend to have a look round - a thing you can't have in post-war Britain.

Of the first two men I met in the waiting-room at Australia House, one was earning reasonably good money in a bakery - and hated baking. The other was a foundry worker at Ford's, Dagenham. When I asked him if he expected to find foundries better equipped or foundry work better paid in Australia, he grinned and said: "I'm through with the foundry - an outdoor life for me." Despite the great expansion in Australian industry and the stress laid by immigration propaganda on the prospects for skilled industrial labour, the lure of the farm and the sheep station is still powerful. Moreover, the memory of 1931 is far from dead in Britain. "I don't want my boy to go through what I did", is a common remark. Australia's dependence on the world market and on British or American capital is little appreciated, and few emigrants see any reason why her future should not be one of unbroken expansion.

To feel concern at these reflections is not necessarily to deplore emigration. It may well be in the interest of this country and of the world to increase Australia's population, and there are cogent arguments for the view that Britain is overcrowded. But the motives for emigration build up to a formidable criticism of this country by its own citizens, and mainly by the class of citizens who are supposed to have a stake in facing an English future.

MERVYN JONES

O.L.C. AND L.D.A.

It was once explained to me - whether by book or word of mouth I do not remember - that there is a vast difference between O.L.C. and L.D.A. If, for example, a friend or stranger asks for a light for his cigarette, it will be O.L.C. to offer him a match, or whip out your petrol lighter. If, however, you pass him your cigarette so that he can ignite his own from it, you are guilty of flagrant L.D.A. From which I think we can deduce this: to carry your cigarettes in a metal case is O.L.C. and to carry them in their original cardboard packet L.D.A. Certainly to put a stubbed-out cigarette behind your ear is L.D.A.

Distinction between such nice points decided your fate as a candidate for a commission in the Royal Navy -O.L.C. means Officer-like Conduct, L.D.A., Lower-Deck Attitude. The Army, too, had its test. I myself was once taught to be an officer and a temporary gentleman, and escaped being R.T.U.'d (returned to unit) by only the narrowest of margins. Within the first month of my ordeal I was in trouble. Released from a lecture to write up our notes, we returned to our huts. I was senior N.C.O. of the hut I inhabited. Following my party into it I spoke out loud and clear: "Well, my lucky lads, let's write up these ---- --- notes." At that moment the O.C. entered the hut from the door at the other end of it. I called the hut to attention. The O.C. looked at me, said nothing and went out.

At the end of the month I was summoned for a P.I. - personal interview. "Corporal", said the C.O., "let me tell you once and for all that ----- is not an officer's swear word." I wish I could always be as ready as I was on that occasion. "Sir", I replied, "if you had the advantage of knowing me better you would realise that I was using the ---- word in inverted commas". We were friends after that. He even tolerated my impersonation of him at a camp concert: "Dealing now with the tactical situation of the Onotos at the Battle of Inkerman..."

But, well trained as I have been, in civil life I still have moments of confusion. A man stops me in the street, thrusts his up-turned face into mine, and says: "Give us a light, mate." If I don't let him light his cigarette from mine, I feel that I am insulting him, though I am bound to say he usually bends my cigarette out of shape, and I do not altogether fancy putting it into my mouth again after he has been handling it. I hesitate to keep the cigarette in my own grasp lest he should think me reluctant to trust him with it. Surely, in a social way, it is right to respond to L.D.A. with L.D.A. and not O.L.C. I think the manners and customs of the lower orders are as worthy of respect as those of the upper. Not so very long ago (as the time flies) a book of demeanour in use at schools for young gentlemen included, as a matter of course, the injunction:

> "Let not thy privy members be
> lay'd open to be view'd.
> It is most shameful and abhorr'd,
> detestable and rude."

Only in comparatively recent times has the force of economic circumstances compelled gentlemen to behave like gentlemen. The lower orders have never had anyone they could safely be offensive to. By arbitrary standards uncouth, they are instinctively and practically courteous, and inexhaustibly tolerant. I get on very well with them. The other day, alighting from a bus, I was quite unnecessarily jostled by a person bearing all the distinguishing marks of a lady. She shoved me hard against the conductor. "Sorry," I said. He grinned and remarked: "Do have 'em, don't they?" I was gratified at being able to perceive his allusion to the old folk saw: "Some mothers have awkward children."

Manners, I know, have nothing to do with character. In my experience, the people with the best - or shall we say the most ostentatious? - manners, the sticklers for forms and surface politenesses, the respecters of tabus and shibboleths, are in essential the least considerate, the least recognisant of services voluntarily rendered, the readiest to repay good will with bad, the first to presume upon a desire to please, the most callous of promise-breakers, the airiest flouters of engagements, the most untrustworthy in all matters of business, the meanest and generally the most malicious in all branches of social intercourse. I get on very well with them. But for the grace of God I should be as insensitive as they are. This self-knowledge gives me patience. Admittedly, I sometimes betray them. I wink at waiters whom they are abusing. I openly deprecate their fuss-making. I oppose their excessive O.L.C. with a blatant L.D.A.

This is all very wrong of me. Stupid, too. I win the respect of neither class. If I could observe them as, say Spencer and Gillen observed the Arunta or Alois Musil the Rwala, I might have something interesting to communicate, but detachment is what I can never achieve. Oscillating between the good and the clever or between the polished and the crude, "white as the singing swan I go," though feeling, while not looking, like that extraordinary cock which was born at Birmingham: "When seen in front he appears to resemble any other animal of the same species, except that his beak is small for his size, and his comb and wattles are considerably larger than usual: but connected with the rump there is a smaller body, which is provided with a second pair of legs, with spurs equal in size to those of the other legs... He has two vents which he uses indiscriminately, and crows both loud and well."

DANIEL GEORGE

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Fish which formed part of the harvest festival decorations of St. Mary's Church, Appledore, over the week-end were previously soaked in Eau-de-Cologne.
Western Morning News. (William Jenkin)

F... F .. (60), a homeless labourer, made an objection at Northamptonshire Quarter Sessions yesterday when his counsel, Mr. H... called him a tramp. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "they do not call us tramps now. We are wayfarers". Manchester Guardian. (R. Stafford)

The Corps march, "Grey and Scarlet", is a delightful blend of the martial theme of Purcell's "King Arthur" and the charming traditional air "The Gentle Maiden", suggesting the contrasts of the army nurses' life.
The Nursing Times (Rachel M. Simpson)

Blyth and Bedlington, neighbouring towns in Northumberland, want to build a crematorium in connection with the Festival of Britain. They hope to complete it during 1951, if the Ministry of Health approves.
The Observer. (E. Pick)

I, - wish to state that I have never used knuckle-dusters or even had any, and anyone saying so will be prosecuted. The Derbyshire Times. (A.O. Edwards)

Pensioner would share comfortable home with woman pensioner: Christian principles.
Glasgow Evening Citizen. (James W. Laing)

The fifty girl operatives who went on strike in a Belfast bakery on Monday afternoon because they were refused permission to sing at their work by the management resumed their duties yesterday. The management has modified its ban on singing and now permits the girls to hum.
Manchester Guardian. (H.L. Lachs)

Wanted, pied-a-terre Dachshund and mistress; Farnham or Ewshott district. Farnham Herald. (B. Shaw)

BOOK REVIEWS

MARCH OF TIME

"U.S.A." By John Dos Passos. John Lehmann. 15s.

The position of Mr. Dos Passos as a novelist is an ambiguous one. A dominant figure of the decade of political manifestoes, he set up as a kind of Left Wing power station and had closer resemblances to Russian novelists of the first Plans, than to anything American or English; and his trilogy, now reprinted, which contains the arresting "42nd Parallel", "Nineteen Nineteen" and "The Big Money" suggested a fluent, hard-voiced March of Time scenario in the socialist interest. The trouble is that time goes on marching and when we look again after fifteen years at the 1,000 packed pages of this book, its novelty and the forcefulness of the accent, seem marked by the adventitious. It is an old difficulty in the arts that the believing and the imaginative self do not always march together and Mr. Dos Passos is not the first novelist to advertise one product and to appear to sell another in the same work; nor were we the first critics to fail to see the wood for the manifestoes.

The plan was to present American life with a strong bias towards the contemporary class struggle:

> U.S.A. is a group of holding companies, some aggregation of Trade Unions, a set of laws bound in calf ... a public library full of old newspapers and dog-eared history books with protests scrawled in the margins in pencil ... a set of big-mouthed officials with too many bank accounts.

The book had the air of a brilliant piece of advertising matter run off by a committee or a bureau of research. Layout, the running on of words, the use of techniques from the cinema and the radio script were intended to strengthen the effect of a machine novel done for a machine society. The picture was stereoscopic. A number of private lives, sometimes interlooking, were singly examined and they displayed the skill of an adept writer of narrative; between them were placed news flashes - a jamboree of folly and bullying in the manner of the monopoly press - Americana, potted biographies of men like Edison, Ford and Hearst. To relate this coarse material to the fine meshes of an individual sensibility, Mr. Dos Passos ran a wistful thought-stream taken from Joyce - and it still has the edgy pathos of a Harry Lime theme in a novel which was emphatic before anything else.

After ten years or more, this design seems too spectacular for the material. The fact is that a novel is killed when it is turned into history. The proper process is to turn history into a novel. And here we approach what seems to me the true reason for the failure of Marxism when addicted novelists have applied it; they have been superficial and have not written imaginatively out of their dogma. The powerful sense of history, with its richness in tragic suggestion, has in practice dwindled away to the easier sensation of meaninglessless and fatalism; or - and this is the weakness of Mr. Dos Passos - history has become merely news. Journalism has been the vivid, but ultimately boring disease of the international school. Nothing palls so quickly as the platitude of documentary art; nothing so quickly turns into cynicism as the deadening, undifferentiating vice of drive.

So that although "U.S.A." does put over the feeling of power which comes from the contemplation of the agony, anxiety and ruthlessness of a bullying industrial society although we do feel the dull colliding of wills, we have essentially a newspaper impression. When this is admitted, it must also be said that the level is very high. Mr. Dos Passos, is an incomparable everyday reporter who makes rapid circles round the lives he is concerned with. A character like Mac, the poor printer's boy, who takes to socialism at the beginning of the century and is soon driven out of employment, marked down and on the roads, is admirably done. His picaresque adventures wandering across the States, with a seller of pornographic books, then into Canada and down to Mexico during the revolution are swiftly and richly described and they perfectly put before one the underdog's views of American life, in a manner that can be compared with Mark Twain's in Huck Finn. In this kind of narrative and in presenting the inside scenes of Big Business Mr. Dos Passos is wonderfully quick and clever; he always observes character well, but in these episodes he builds on to the casual camera-eye view. Mac, J. Ward Moorhouse, the advertising tycoon - a soft chocolate with a hard centre - and Burrows, the watery-eyed Union boss who sells out, runs his hands up girls' legs and talks of the "art of life", are three brilliant creations. They arouse more than recognition; they stir the sympathetic imagination and one is eager for more of them.

If we leave these creations for the observed people the actual skill does not diminish. There is not a single character in the book who is not done with easy verisimilitude. There is not a false shot anywhere. No doubt, being unimaginative, Mr. Dos Passos easily avoids the traps that bog down the imagination; but it is astonishing to find a novel which contains scores of people from prostitutes to Senators, from typists to successful businesswomen, from vagrants to yes-men, in which each person is exact to the eye. And take him off his own ground, to a French aerodrome in 1919, he will give you a French pilot taking a drunk American girl on a joy-ride, with the precision of life. No melodrama, no conventional touch, mars the clarity of his ear and eye, for the surface of life. And we can have no doubt that were we to interview his originals, they would say that he had correctly got the essential tune of their lives.

Yet it is here, of course, that the criticism of meaninglessness must be raised and the curious narrowness of an apparently vast project must be noted. It is based on little more than two human emotions - and they are the two which dominated the commercial magazines: ambition and sex. I do not believe that, even historically, these would be the dominant or at any rate the only powerful emotions in any group of thirty representative American lives. An anthropologist of the period would no doubt support Mr. Dos Passos in saying that the art of "making" held an extraordinary place in general self-esteem at the time; or that sexual experiment and confusion were very important. But the same anthropologist would have to add that this was the period, also, of the Left Wing dogma that under capitalism sex was frustrated and meaningless, and that seems pretty shallow and even disingenuous now. Nearly every narrative in this novel reaches its crisis when the necking and fumbling start, and so we begin to see an obsession; when each sexual episode is meaningless (pleasant to the sense of power, but hardly more gratifying than one more ride in a taxi) the meaninglessness of the whole grandiose book is all the more marked. The only thing one can say of all these seductions is that they are untroubled observations of sexual circumstance and could hardly be more various and less exciting. One more collection of superficial facts has been adroitly done.

I do not mean to convey that Mr. Dos Passos collects facts for facts' sake. He is genuinely interested in circumstance and quite extraordinary good at getting it. His pictures of a variety of American homes, are penetrating and amusing. The flat of the jaded New York woman; the romping home of an awful provincial family on the first reckless steps of social climbing and naive adventure, the awful menages of girls gold-digging their way towards Hollywood, Moorhouse's bleak Florentine mansion - these milieux are accurately and amusingly filled. And when his characters get to France in the 1918 war and the Peace Conference, one has an exact picture of Americans on the loose in Europe. In this sense, one could hardly have a better travel book and "U.S.A." beats the films at their own game. It is a huge provision of evidence, done by a man imbued with the verve and dignity of his profession but only in terms so broad that meaning lapses.

V. S. PRITCHETT

BLUE BLOOD AND IRON

"The Diaries of Lady Charlotte Guest". Edited by the Earl of Bessborough. Murray. 18s.

Had Lady Charlotte Bertie been an heiress she could never have been content to become the second wife of plain John Guest. But in 1833 this clever girl was at a disadvantage; she was desperately unhappy at home and poor; the gates of aristocratic society were closed to her, although she was an Earl's daughter; And at the age of 21 the only matrimonial asset beyond her title that she possessed was her own dark, handsome, hook-nosed person. John Guest, however, was not quite as plain as his name; he was a remarkably good-looking widower of 48 with curly hair - and the biggest ironmaster in South Wales. The world at large, as Lady Holland has recorded, recognised the marriage for what it was - a business deal by a business man; he was ready to trade his wealth for her youth and pedigree. In the sequel neither party found reason to repent the bargain. Lady Charlotte bore her husband ten healthy children and helped him up the social ladder (he was created a Baronet by Lord Melbourne in 1838) while Sir John made enough money to indulge his wife's expensive tastes and to install her in splendour in what she regarded as her proper social sphere.

During the nineteen years of this partnership (as Lord Bessborough appositely styles his grandmother's first marriage) Lady Charlotte kept a diary regularly, from which extracts are now published. One would think that such a book ought to appeal to the many enthusiasts for nineteenth-century memoirs, who are certainly on the lookout for the new sidelights on the public events and personal intrigues of that complex age. But Lady Charlotte is of no help in such matters. In spite of her ambition, and Sir John's lavish disbursements, in her efforts to reach the limelight she never got further than the wings. Every year she participated in the whirl of the London season; yet observations on social occasions, inso far as Lord Bessborough has found room for them, are lamentably superficial and worthless. "I always feel so solitary at all these gay things", she confided to her diary; "I am shy and proud, or rather from extreme sensitiveness I seem so." It is easy to see that she never conquered a sense of inferiority in the company of her grand friends; not because she had married for money (that too was a laudable proceeding in the eyes of her acquaintance), but because she had married beneath her into "trade".

In 1833 "trade" was disreputable, quite unfit for a gentleman. John Guest, although "the greatest manufacturer in the world", could only enter the fringe of Society on sufferance, as a Member of Parliament. The prejudice was so stiff that the wife of this captain of industry, for all her own vaunted blue blood, was unable to break it. "Whatever I undertake I must reach an eminence" she defiantly entered in her diary; and since the role of successful London hostess was denied her, she turned her talents to other fields. She learnt Welsh at Dowlais while her husband was at his ironworks, and translated the Welsh Arthurian legends into English. (The publication of her "Mabinogion" incidentally set Tennyson writing his "Idylls"). She endowed schools for the children of the ironworkers and taught in them herself. She busied herself in local politics and religion. Such activities were altogether appropriate to a lady in her position. Her main interest, however, was most unladylike; she discovered in herself a remarkable aptitude for her husband's horrible "trade". In those days, private secretaries were unknown in big business. Lady Charlotte trained herself to handle all the confidential correspondence of the ironworks, and proved so invaluable to her husband that, in building the new London office for the firm, a special room was furnished and set apart for his wife. In the end, this proud Earl's daughter, who had once envisaged herself as Lady in Waiting to Queen Victoria, became utterly engrossed in the current market quotation for iron rails.

The struggle for survival of the great Dowlais ironworks, as told in the Diaries, is an absorbing story of manoeuvres and negotiations, of Chartists, railway contracts, weak partners and tough business competitors, anxious parliamentary elections and, above all, the ticklish renewal of the Guests' lease of the premises from the tyrannical ground-landlord, Lord Bute. The usual run of memoir-readers, however, do not expect to find themselves floundering about in the sordid world of commerce; their tastes are more literary and personal. Lord Bessborough's grandmother has no style to redeem the prosaic drift of her thoughts. Moreover, she was not, so far as one can discern, a very nice woman: she seems to have been hard as nails and at the same time soppily sentimental, a combination of qualities singularly void of charm. But she was no fool, despite her daily habit of bursting into meaningless tears. Her Diaries may not gratify the multitude, who like their old-world aristocracy to be either cosier or wickeder; but they should please the connoisseurs of human nature, to whom no self-portrait, however ugly, comes amiss. Lord Bessborough has done well to publish them. It is not often that one has the chance to probe the secrets of a successful mésalliance.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TEXTBOOK OF ANTI-COMMUNISM

"The Coming Defeat of Communism". By James Burnham. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Every movement gets the opponents it deserves; in that case, the anti-Communists do not reflect much credit on Communism. James Burnham is an exception: the only anti-Communist who writes with some sense, judgement, and consistency. What vitiates his writing is what vitiated the writing of his model, Machiavelli: the belief that a system of political rules can be worked out by abstract reason and that these rules can then be consistently applied. In reality, political behaviour is the result of a conflict of forces, not of reason; this is as true of Communist politics as of any other. Mr. Burnham does not think so. To him every Communist move is a matter of rational calculation, long worked out, and part of a long-term plan which never varies. One can only reply: what a very bad long-term plan that must be. Drift, muddle, contradiction, confusion, could not have done worse for the Soviet Union and the Communist parties elsewhere in the last thirty years than a supposed conscious plan has done. Like all anti-Communists Mr. Burnham makes the mistake of taking every Communist remark as gospel, the gospel of the Devil.

On some points, Mr. Burnham is very good. He is very good on the confusion in American policy; very good on the barrenness of a policy of mere "containment"; very good on the futility of supposing that the non-Communist world can do "a deal" with the Kremlin and then go to sleep. Though none of these points is new, they are made with clarity and decisiveness. Anyone would agree that if the democratic world outdoes the Communists long enough in muddle and blunders, Communism might win. But this is not what we went to Mr. Burnham to discover; we know it already. He has promised us that Communism will be defeated; and his book is supposed to tell us how. When he comes however to his positive constructive policy, he disappoints. Mr. Burnham's advice will no more defeat Communism than Machiavelli's advice could make Cesar Borgia ruler of a united Italy. All it amounts to is: we must be anti-Communists all the time. The Americans must run around the world, picking up anti-Communists wherever they can find them: de Gaulle, the Roman church, the Ukrainian guerillas, every eastern European refugee from Horthy's associates to the Czech democrats. Why not throw in Pavelic and the high Nazis now living in the Argentine and have done with it?

Mr. Burnham never makes a clear distinction between the Soviet Union, a rival great power to the United States, and Communism, the great religion of our time. Being materially weak, the Soviet Union is not a grave problem

from the military or economic point of view; and is not likely to be in this century at any rate. Communism is a different matter. But Communism is not a primitive organisation of subversive agents; it is a movement in the minds of men, and it can be defeated only by a movement of a superior kind. Mr. Burnham, for instance, makes out that the Marshall Plan has been ineffective in weakening the Communists in France, because the Americans did not make enough propaganda about it. The truth is much simpler: it can be ascertained by watching rich Frenchmen eat lunch at 3000 francs a head. Communism can only be defeated by a policy of social justice, by the practice of tolerance, hesitance, and mutual understanding. In short, the way to defeat Communism is not to be anti-Communist.

A.J.P. TAYLOR

LIFE ITSELF

"The Goose Cathedral". By Jocelyn Brooke. The Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.

The Goose Cathedral is a life-boat house. A neo-Gothic life-boat house on the shore near Folkestone. Once it contained blue-jerseyed fishermen with gold rings in their ears, and close by grew the coltsfoot and yellow-horned poppies which the son of a Folkestone wine merchant picked lovingly as a child. But the seamen were swept away with the rest of the 1914 world; curtains went up in the mullioned windows; geese owned by invisible inhabitants waddled up and down beside it and the Goose Cathedral received the name it had always deserved. Inevitably it ended up a s a tea-shop.

The son of the Folkestone wine-merchant who was by himself now pretending desperately to be a wine-merchant assisted at the christening. He was Mr. Jocelyn Brooke, and he has used the Goose Cathedral as the unifying symbol in his third delightful book of autobiography, in the same way as he used a rare plant in his first and a passion for fireworks in his second.

To anyone who has read neither "The Military Orchid" or "A Mine of Serpents"this may well sound either nonsense or a bore. Indeed, one of the hardest things about Mr.Brooke is to convey the freshness and individuality of his autobiographical reminiscences. A book about childhood? What another? And sensitive too, and well written? Yes, yes, I know, says the faint hearted reader, I've read it all a hundred times before by a hundred different sensitive young men of the middle and upper-middle classes who are now not so young but write so well. How they were "different" and unhappy at their prep. schools, how they really only liked eccentric characters whom they weren't particularly supposed to like (there you are, you see, those two little old dressmakers in their stuffy room, and those gibbering grimacing old men and women, who had seen better days, promenading up and down the Leas), and only found real happiness in some private fantasy or natural pursuit (botany? - yes, that will do very well).

Well, Mr. Brooke is not just like that. It is true that he was unhappy at his prep. school - and how deliciously, some years later, he took his revenge, or rather had it taken for him. There are indeed eccentric characters in whom he takes delight - Pussy Wilkinson, for instance, a tatty old relic of the nineties who ends up selling fiction for Mosley, and Pussy's disloyal and go-getting pick-up, "Bert", who starts as a private soldier being bought out by his protector, and ends up as - but, no, "Bert" is the real hero of the book and Mr. Brooke must be allowed to tell his story himself. Let no one be put off by a pardonable feeling of over-familiarity from hearing it.

It is partly of course Mr. Brooke's method that gives his books their particular charm, for they are only very loosely in the dimension of time and only, he reminds us, loosely autobiographical.One is aware of Brooke, the clerk in the army orderly room, and Brooke the desperate wine-merchant, at the same time as Brooke the victim of King minimus and the headmaster at Greylands. And the theme of the whole carefully and yet apparently easily woven symphony of narrative and reflection that emerges is a great deal more than the theme of one man's development, or than that of the social development of his time; it is quite simply the theme of life itself, which can quite as effectively be symbolised by a ridiculous neo-Gothic life-boat house turned into a cafe, as by anything else.

There has been a more massive, "important", Book Society-chosen autobiography in process of publication in recent years, but, for some at any rate, the dying fall of our time will have been caught, at least as subtly, by the slender trilogy of Mr. Jocelyn Brooke.

ROBERT KEE

NEW NOVELS

"Helena". by Evelyn Waugh. Chapman & Hall. 9s. 6d.
"Shadow of the Bridge". By Betsy Barton. Gollancz. 10s.6d
"Straight and Narrow", by Geoffrey Cotterell. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

Though he has long been recognised as our best contemporary satirist, Mr. Waugh is at heart a romantic. For him the Catholic Church, on the secular plane at least, is not merely Professor Toynbee's bulwark, the spiritual successor to the legions in the task of warding off the Eastern assault: it is also the whole leaven in the lump of Christian history - St. Mark's galleys, Roland's horn at Roncevalles, the lances of Acre and the smoke of Lepanto. It is therefore not surprising that when he takes time off from savaging the lesser breeds or depicting the tribal mores of California, Waugh should prefer to leave the heart of the matter to others and concentrate on the trimmings instead.

His new novel is a quasi-historical sotie in the style of Maugham's "Catalina" (though a good deal wittier) on the subject of Helena, saint and dowager, whose discovery of the true cross became one of the great medieval legends of the Christian Church. The author eschews history in favour of the tradition ("invented", wrote Gibbon, "in the darkness of monasteries"), that Constantine's mother was an Essex princess. This gives him the opportunity to surrender to one of his favourite vices in the way of characterisation - the clear-eyed, clean-limbed, daughter of Diana, with a niche in Debrett and an ultimate refuge in the Great Good Place. Waugh's heroines, even when, as in the case of Brenda in "A Handful of Dust", they have betrayed the County, remain like Miss Mitford's "Hons", sheathed in a strange primary virtue engendered by prayers in the gas-lit nursery and long, golden afternoons spent in the paddock. While Graham Greene's characters make the frontal approach to Catholicism - undergoing the betrayal on the pier or the Pascalian agony in the shrubbery - Waugh's converts generally get to Heaven the back way, through having had the right kind of Nanny. In a non-Catholic writer, such a scheme of salvation would look dangerously like predestination.

The reader who feels that Waugh's Roman empress is only an atavistic manifestation of Lady Seal, is bound to find "Helena" disappointing. Waugh has done nothing in this book that he has not done as well or better elsewhere. It goes without saying that "Helena" is amusing, shapely and well-written, and it also contains some extremely witty incidents: The Empress Fausta's description of the Council of Nicaea, for example, is Anatole France of the best "Ile des Pingouins" vintage. Nevertheless, one cannot help feeling that Waugh has been pulling his punches in this book. A Christian saint and empress is not perhaps the most suitable theme for a satirist who is irrevocably on the side of the angels.
"Shadow of the Bridge", the story of a rich man's maladjusted daughter in a smart New England boarding school, is a sensitive, moving and strangely uneven book. Miss Barton succeeds finely in her central portrait, but fails

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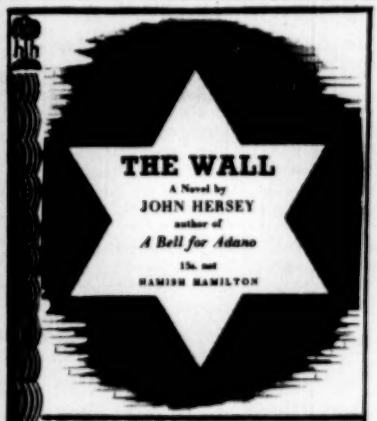

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JONATHAN CAPE

to establish the character's background satisfactorily. Alida, the awkward, unawakened heroine, is a young Catherine Sloper, with complications undreamed of by Henry James, and only envisaged since Freud. Her gradual escape from the jungle of adolescence and unrequited love is poignant and well-written.

Yet, because the author appears to identify herself with Alida rather than look at her objectively, the horrific ambiance seems overdone and never quite comes alive. Cragmere, with its student witch-hunts, Prussian discipline and general heartbreak, is more of a nightmare than a reality; its headmistress, "the Old Understander", who seeks a chic reputation by "controlled publicity through the fashion magazines" is a pasteboard ogress rather than a living figure.

Cragmere's school buildings are of wood and a series of small fires started by an embittered student and culminating in a major blaze at the end of the book, though a judgment on "the Old Understander" and her methods, introduces a tiresome and hysterical note into what still remains a remarkably interesting novel.

The flaws in "Straight and Narrow" are of an opposite kind to those in Miss Barton's book, since in the matter of background Mr. Cotterell is a devastatingly competent writer, with a flair for authenticity that is little short of ventriloquism. (His style is also refreshingly colloquial and it is a relief to find a novelist who prefers current slang to literary cliches.) His new novel is witty, entertaining and immensely readable, yet like its predecessors, it wholly fails to succeed as a work of art.

Though many critics have blamed this failure on the author's "lack of heart", I am inclined to think the fault lies far more in his choice of subjects. His present novel is a study of a mediocre barrister who has become warped by ambition largely through reading the life of Marshall Hall at his public school. If Richard Tarrant were a slightly better barrister and Mr. Cotterell had greater command over his material, this book would be an absorbing instead of a merely entertaining one. It has all the ingredients of a first-class roman des affaires, the author showing himself equally at home in Kok-Kok messes, legal chambers, shady business circles and greenbelt villadom. Unfortunately, Mr. Cotterell has chosen to entangle his hero in a wartime love affair and the action gets bogged down among the flashbacks. Judging by his latest book, Mr. Cotterell's extraordinary facility is becoming a serious danger to his development as a novelist.

JOHN RAYMOND

"Traveller's Quest". Edited by M.A. Michael. Hodge. 15s.

The contributors to this collection of essays on the "philosophy of travel" include H. M. Tomlinson, Ella Maillart, Walter Starkie and Henri Bordeaux, and unlike many compilations of this sort most of the writers are writing at length and at their highest level. Mr. Tomlinson's essay is a fine piece of prose in which he discovers that for him the absolute need to travel comes from his awareness of the brevity of life and of his share in the "triumph of existence, which may be the reflection of a reality of which nothing yet is known." He, M. Bordeaux and Miss Maillart share this rather mystical philosophy of travel and the "call of high places" which M. Bordeaux cannot resist is very subtly analysed; two phrases which he uses remain in the mind - "the mountains are a prayer" and "the mountains were his poetry". The other contributors, who include Negley Farson, Alec Waugh and Adrian Seligman are travellers with very different intent and their accounts of their thirst for adventure or longing to see the world make entertaining reading, but they reveal none of the disturbing passion with which the writers previously mentioned try to understand the ancestral voices which force them to wander. Everybody, of course, would like to travel, but the man whose destiny and necessity is to travel is rare indeed.

CORRESPONDENCE

EMERGENT COLOSSUS

Sir, - The credit you deserve for issuing the "New Statesman and Nation" in emergency format is more than countered by the inclusion therein of the article under the above title.

Having lived for 12 years in South Africa, and 26 years in different parts of East Africa, I can claim some local knowledge, - probably far more than the author of this article. Let him know - whoever he is - that the great majority of Europeans in East Africa, and those of British stock in South Africa, deplore and detest Apartheid, disguised or undisguised. Hence it is very wrong to bracket us with the South African Nationalists as is done in your article. The White minority in the five British Territories in East Africa does not "content itself for the most part with ranching."

The aspersions cast on "the White man's culture" and his influence in Africa are scurrilous. To say that "no high systems of law and order" have been given to Africa by the White man is mendacious and unjust. Whatever faults White "civilisation" has been guilty of in Africa, it cannot justly be said that it has failed to give law and order to vast areas where the spear and the witch-doctor formerly reigned supreme. A superficial glance at the past history of the Zulu, the Masai, and the Wakikuyu, to mention but three African peoples, should make that point clear.

Another of your conclusions calls for comment. Self-government and independence are to be granted "under certain Socialist safeguards." Who, pray, is to enforce or supervise these safeguards when we Whites abandon the country, as we should have to under those conditions? If self-government and independence are given to millions of ignorant and illiterate aborigines, how can any safeguards, Socialist or other, be enforced? Chaos, corruption, disease and stagnation would follow immediately; and probably other White men of a different ilk would step in and establish concentration camps and systems which stink in the nostrils of decent men.

But I have left the most serious objection to the last. The article is highly charged with the suggestion of present or impending "bitterness and violence". Africa is beginning to "throb with fury". The character of the opposing forces is "blatant, forceful, and explosive". These are the words of a firebrand. Is he aware that his article will be read by a small minority of politically conscious, irresponsible Africans - men lacking in balance, lacking in political wisdom or experience, men totally unfit, as yet, to assume the leadership of a nation? Wittingly or not, this is incitement disguised as prediction; goading dressed as prophecy. If any of these ideas are taking root in Africa, they have their seeds as much in the irresponsible and dangerous effusions of writers such as this, as in the faults of the cruel, capitalistic, slave-owning East African ranchers.

The world has suffered too much from people who, for the sake of a political ideology, will blithely risk bringing about ghastly consequences.

Kelvin House, H.O.WATKINS-PITCHFORD
Dar-es-Salaam.

THE BOMB

Sir, - Perhaps we may take it that in Col. Peniakoff's proposal we should not only withdraw from the conflict but, if the U.S. were the first to use atomic weapons, we would also deny her the use of air bases in this country. We should of course warn our ally of this intention as soon as possible. And if all the countries of W.Europe did the same, it might be impossible for the U.S. to adopt a course which is madness from the point of view of W. Europe, however superficially desirable it could appear from the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Seaborn Jones' remarks should not go unchallenged. He supposes that the atomic bomb is "a quantative change in violence"; but these weapons are different from others not merely in degree of destructiveness, but in kind. They can hardly be used as purely military weapons because the area destroyed is much larger than almost any military objective; moreover the biological effects are new in kind. As for the idea that fear may produce diplomatic caution, fear is not conducive to wise judgment, and we know only too well that, when we fear something, we are apt to bring about the very thing we fear. Nor will more caution bring us nearer to peace; what we need is a courageous and constructive peace policy.

One great merit of "Popski's" bold suggestion is that its adoption would help to reduce the fear and fatalism which make for a drift towards war. The psychological problem must be dealt with before progress towards peace is possible.

T. S. BAILEY

MENTAL DEFECTS

Sir, - Professor Penrose's statement that most of the children of mental defectives are not deficient has drawn an alarming plea from Elisabeth A. Allen.

She wants the certified mental defectives who are allowed out of Institutions on licence so long as "they do not form attachments to members of the opposite sex," to be allowed to marry.

While not liking the present position, or wishing to curtail legitimate human happiness, may I make a plea for the children of such unions? Though these may be born normal, how long are they likely to remain so, when mother or father, or both, is unfitted for the work and responsibility of parenthood?

Stable home and family life is known to be the best setting for children. Substitutes are less satisfactory and horribly costly when they have to be provided by the community. So until some foolproof contraceptive technique is evolved that mental defectives can and will practise continually, or until they are allowed to be sterilised, we should hesitate to imperil the emotional and social wellbeing of more children, or indeed, their physical safety.

Ravensholm, HILDA G. CUNNINGTON
Highnam Crescent Road, Sheffield.10.

CONSCRIPTION

Sir, - Your correspondent may find some comfort in Mr. Isaacs's reply to Mr. Paton in the House of Commons on 27th July last: "This point would not be overlooked if it became necessary to recall Class Z Reservists, and the necessary guidance would be given at the time." Possibly this indicates a procedure not involving court martials.

The man who has never been registered, either provisionally or by the tribunals, as a conscientious objector, has no legal right of appeal to a tribunal. That he may do so is an ex gratia concession made by the Service departments in 1940, and he appears before an advisory tribunal (actually the appellate tribunal sitting in an advisory capacity) which can advise the Department concerned to discharge him or transfer him to non-combatant duties. Hence the rather equivocal replies received from some Records Officers.

Central Board for Conscientious Objectors. Bernard Withers Secretary.
6, Endsleigh Street. London. W.C.1.

BAUDELAIRE

Sir, - I am making a collection of translations of Baudelaire's poetry, and would welcome unpublished translations, and also mention of translations included in anthologies, magazines, etc., many of which must have escaped my notice.

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE
LITERARY FELLOWSHIP AWARDS
1951

Messrs Eyre & Spottiswoode propose to resume in 1951 their annual Fellowship award to British writers. MSS must be submitted to the Publishers between February 15th and March 31st 1951, and an announcement of the award will be made as early as possible in May of that year.

The only previous year in which this award was offered and made was 1948. The Fellowship for that year went to Anthony West for his first novel CHY A DARK NIGHT, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode in 1949, and subsequently published in the United States by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

The conditions governing the submission of MSS have now been revised. The Fellowship will be awarded for a first or second novel, or alternatively for an historical or biographical study, subject to the author's first or second book. In the case of fiction, a completed MS must be submitted: in the case of a historical and biographical work it will be necessary to submit at least half the completed MS. The award will henceforth be made not, as before, for the purpose of assisting a writer to complete a first book, but to ensure that such a book, if held to be, when submitted for publication, of outstanding literary merit, shall earn for the writer a reasonable reward at the beginning of his career.

The value of the Eyre & Spottiswoode award will be £500, made up of an outright payment of £250, and an advance on royalties of £250. The rate of royalty will be 10% of the published price on the first 1500 copies, 12½% to 5000 and 15% thereafter.

The publisher's decision in all matters concerning the award is final (and includes the right to make no award if no suitable MSS is submitted) and they reserve the first option of publishing any other MSS submitted for the same rate of royalty, and with an advance of £100. Although the award of the Eyre & Spottiswoode Fellowship does not carry with it a definite arrangement for American publication, Messrs Houghton Mifflin wish to have the option on the selected book, and the Publishers must therefore have the right to negotiate (without committing themselves) the American rights of the book to which the award is granted.

The application form, which must be signed and sent in with the MS should be obtained from Eyre & Spottiswoode (Publishers) Ltd., 15 Bedford Street London W.C.2. before February 15th, 1951.

HUMPHREY JENNINGS

Sir, - May I supplement your Film Correspondent's tribute to Humphrey Jennings with a word on his last picture, Family Portrait? This film was made for the Festival of Britain as an evocation of the spirit of the country at mid-century. It was completed only a few weeks before Jennings' death and has not yet been publicly shown. It reveals a profound erudition in the wellsprings of things English; a wonderful fertility in the poetic association of present with past; and an eye for the observation of image whose sure quality has not often been equalled on the screen.

The film's theme - the British knack, in the sciences as in the arts, of "putting prose and poetry together in a new way" - is clearly connected with Jennings's own successive struggles in writing, painting, film-making and not least his brilliant conversation, to find the wide-ranging flow of his restless, creative mind.

Family Portrait is, I think, the most advanced point he reached in putting prose and poetry together in a new way. He could not at this time have left a richer gift to the England he loved so deeply, nor a stronger mark of his forceful individuality.

Crown Film Unit, Beaconsfield. STUART LEGG

WEEK-END COMPETITIONS

No. 1,078

Set by Richard Lister.

The usual prizes are offered for a maxim (prose, limit 50 words) on any contemporary besetting temptation. Entries by October 31st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,075

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to write a 4-line epigram on the recent visit to this country of the Scala Opera Company from Milan, 500 strong.

Report by C. S. Drew.

It may have been the critics of the critics, it may have been the natural politeness of the hosts, but something inhibited our competitors from launching into the Scala situation with verve and gusto. On the whole the entries lacked the punch and high finish of the good epigram. There was a little learned ingenuity - as from J.B.B. Aris who began with "O quanta qualia illa sabata" - and prizewinner Blishen was not the only one to discover that Verdi rhymes with hurdy-gurdy. One guinea each to E.M., Graeme Wilson, Fergie, Edward Blishen, Diablotin. Honourable mention: Stanley Sharpless, Isabel Finlayson.

Each English nightingale as summer ends
Takes its sweet music to some southern nation.
Italy, richer by our loss, now sends
Five hundred Milanese as compensation.

E. M.

Air Marshall Balbo with his air-bourne millions
Failed to impress us whom he sought to scare.
Sabata with five hundred fat civilians
Impressed us with true mastery of the air.

GRAEME WILSON

Some there must be, in this melodius band,
Who sang in cages, on the Libyan sand:
How prettily they take revenge, I trow!
They sing again ... and we're the captives now.

FERGIE

Once from Milan they came in ones and twos
To charm our fathers with the hurdy-gurdy:
Now half a thousand strong they come to amuse
Our fathers' sons with whopping chunks of Verdi.

EDWARD BLISHEN

Tutti, La Scala crossed the Alps,
Surviving - ma non tanto;
Then took, con fuoco, English scalps
That hopes for some bel canto.

DIABLOTIN

CHESS: THE QUEEN WAS TIRED

No. 56

On the Continent, the other day, I was told a story - alleged to be true - about a chess master susceptible to female charm. He was engaged for a game of "Living Chess" staged in the local theatre. As he was getting through the opening, the master was struck by the beauty of the chorus girl representing his Queen. He made a mental note to ask her out to dinner after the game. Presently he had an opportunity of swapping Queens with some advantage; but fearing that, once he let his Queen off the board, he might never have another chance of meeting her, he refrained from swapping Queens and, a few moves later, passed up an equally favourable opportunity.

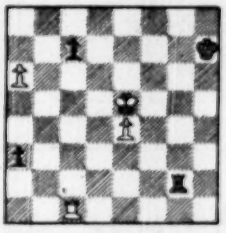
By now, the master on the other side began to realise what was happening. To test his shrewd suspicion he offered one or two more tempting baits. They were refused. The infatuated chess master had become so obsessed with the desire to keep his Queen on the board, that he kept shifting her about, to foil his opponent's repeated attempts to force an exchange. Comprehensibly, his game had deteriorated by such tactics - creditable for a lover but unworthy of a chess player. After a few more half-hearted moves, he had to resign. Careless of his defeat, he hurried to the fair lady who was still hunched on the last square where he had practically barricaded her from further importunities. Breathlessly he made his offer. "No thanks", she said, "you've shifted me about that much, I'm dead beat. I'm going home".

Competitors, for a special prize, are invited to construct a game fitting this sad little story. This will be hors de concours. I could not venture to assess such flights of imagination by any number of sordid points!!

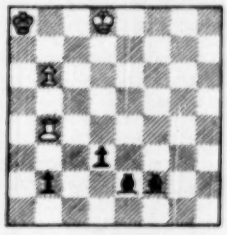
After so much flippancy, our more seriously minded competitors might be inclined for the more solid food of an honest problem or two. A. - White to move and win. This is a classic and should not rate more than 4 points. B. - White to move and draw. This is not so easy. But as it is to rate 6 points, I had better refrain from giving any hints.

Usual prizes. Entries by October 30th.

A: Troitzki



B: M. S. Liburkin, 1932



REPORT ON COMPETITION SET SEPTEMBER 16

A: 1) Kt-R6, PxKt 2) B-B2, P-R4 3) R-KKt6 mate
if 1) ..... P-Kt3 or 1) ..... K-R4, 2) Kt-B7 etc

B: 1) K-K7, B-Kt4 ch 2) K-Q6, B-B5 ch 3) K-B5, B-K6 ch
4) K-Kt4, B-Q7 ch 5) K-P, B-B8 ch 6) K-Kt4, B-Q7 ch
7) K-B5, B-K6 ch 8) K-Q6, B-B5 ch 9) K-K7, B-Kt4 ch
10) K-B8, B-R3 11) Q-R8, RxR ch 12) K-K7 ch, B-B1
13) QxB mate

Prizes shared by W. U. Auer (The Hague), B. Gluss, S. & B. Sarkar, P. D. Robinson, A. Rutherford. The point-to-point leaders are approaching the winning post. Conditions of the subsequent ladder-competition will be announced shortly. Further suggestions of the fairest possible ladder system welcomed.

ASSIAC

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

TOP OF THE LADDER

We English never took to Expressionism, least of all in the drama. Even in its heyday we never tried to explore it or to adapt it for our own purposes; and this strikes one as a little surprising, for we have - witness Carrol and Lear - a marked liking for topsy-turvydom. Since I don't personally share the aversion, I went to the St. James's where Sir Laurence Olivier is presenting Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's expressionist play "Top of the Ladder" expecting a stimulating evening and I was not disappointed. But it is only fair to report that those who start out with a prejudice against this kind of play are not likely to be converted by this one.

Mr. Guthrie does not add anything to the familiar expressionist technique and this will give those who want it an opportunity for crying "Vieux jeu". But it strikes me as no more old fashioned to use expressionism than a realism, and Mr. Guthrie, as one would expect, uses the mode intelligently, imaginatively, inventively, and wittily. When the play opens, his hero is in bed very ill. Around his sick bed are assembled the figures who have chiefly counted in his life. His mother, his wife, his secretary, his valet, his old nurse, the man who gave him his start in business, and, never seen, but a dominating voice from up above, his own father. He is to play over again with them, as the evening goes on the centrally important scene of his life story.

Everything will be so arranged that we shall see behind all that happens the pattern of the family struggle working itself out in later life. The polymorphous pervert is father to the Freudian man. Mr. Guthrie proceeds to demonstrate this thesis by means of juxtapositions, echoes of key phrases and repetitions of key themes, and by playing parallel scenes simultaneously.

But the real trouble with the play is that though we may be, and in general are, entertained from moment to moment, in the end we find we have been shown too little that we couldn't have guessed for ourselves, given the data. The outline classifications of the Freudian psychology no longer seems as illuminating as they once did. Only their patient reduction to the most minute of particulars is now of any real interest. And a play that takes a whole life story for its subject has no space for this. Even so Mr. Guthrie does manage to strike fresh sparks by an adroit playing with the clichés which husbands, wives, mothers and sons, generically, repeat, over and over again. It is in his treatment of his hero's working life that he fell, as it seems to me, into the merely conventional. The devoted lady secretary, the telephone calls instructing New York, Brazil, Costa Rica to buy or sell, while business houses rise and fall by this simple process - all that seemed a little second hand

There is another difficulty of the expressionist technique which Mr. Guthrie, I felt, failed to solve: namely how, with a to and fro time scheme, to keep the play thrusting forward from its beginning to its end. With a whole life time to explore, there seems to be no reason why there shouldn't always be another deeper dive into the past and the corresponding jump into the future so that finally the play has to stop rather than finish.

The method throws a big burden on the main actor, and Mr. John Mills proved perfectly equal to it. He has to switch all the time, in mid voice so to speak, from middle age to adolescence, to infancy, to young manhood. And very convincingly he did it. A large cast supported him well. In particular Mr. Alison Leggatt played under him with admirable detachment as a middle-class mother: and, as a horrific hanger-on of a valet, Mr. Toke Townley was suitably repulsive though the effect might have been greater if he had strained less. Mr. Miles Malleson, Miss Mary Kerridge and Miss Rachel Kempson were very much in the picture.

T.C. WORSLEY

POPULAR OPERA

The policy of Sadler's Wells is delightfully unpretentious. They have no first-rate singers - Anna Pollak is the only stylish one among the lot - so by an excellent repertory and good production, by distinct enunciation of English librettos, by clever team-work and a fairly uniform level of ensemble, they nearly always ensure that a good evening's entertainment shall be had. Their "Falstaff" - on its far lower level - is a more coherent thing than the Scala's; the "Carmen", also produced by Guthrie, gives Miss Pollak a chance for a terrific performance. It is a little sadly that we turn to old programmes of the Cambridge Theatre Company, and find their aim: "to raise the standard of Opera production in this country to the highest international level, and to train British artists and to provide them with the opportunity to sing side by side with the leading international artists." Here young Britons were in regular repertory with Stabile, with all-round stars who never put a foot wrong. Sadler's Wells have no such high aims. If the ordinary man and his girl enjoy the show, they seem to say, all is well. They certainly would not risk over-tasking the intelligence of their patrons. "It is usually difficult" says a programme-note to "I Quattro Rusteghi", "for British audiences to distinguish between the characters in an unfamiliar foreign work by their names - especially when they are so fantastic (to our ears) as Maroelo, Dele Strope, Tartufola"; so Professor Dent, a hot-gospeller for popular opera, has renamed them Mr. Crusty and Mr. Gruff.

So we must not complain of unsubtlety in the performance of "I Quattro Rusteghi", or of gross stylelessness from the quartet of bassi buffi. It was in fact a very funny evening. The production was minutely worked out and beautifully realised, and Dennis Arundell made sure that we would never stop long to listen to the actual sound of the singing. Two of the company, Marion Lowe and Marion Studholme, have improved immensely since last season. Miss Lowe's "Lady Pinchbeck" had character and charm, her voice was fuller and truer than before; Miss Studholme's is still poor in quality, but she uses it, and her pretty personality, with new skill. Kate Jackson snatched rather wildly at high notes, and the two tenors were well below the women's level. The sets were unattractive. Wolf-Ferrari's music is so cosmopolitan that it will stand many kinds of treatment; the first scene is bound to be a little dull, and it was not helped by the coarse singing and heavy acting of Howell Glynne. After that the Florentine song La ragazza delle trecce bionde ("The echo told me a lie") lightens the score; and the trio for three basses is delicious. So much trouble has been taken to make "I Quattro Rusteghi" enjoyable that it should certainly catch on in Islington: it is among their best productions.

Stylelessness and the determination to have a romp at all costs did away with any pleasure in the London Opera Club's presentation of Donizetti's "Il Campanello". Heaven knows, we are glad enough to hear unfamiliar works not to require too high a standard - though at the Fortune Theatre we might be presumed capable of following French or Italian, and of preferring them to

> I'll administer a posset
> Which will keep him in the closet -

but the performance was so poor as to destroy a pleasant opera. By contrast, Milhaud's "Le Pauvre Matelot" was given a sensitive and conscientious production by Joan Cross, who always draws the best from her singers, and far better sung, especially by Jennifer Vyvyan. Subsequent broadcasts should have introduced many people to Cocteau's powerful libretto and the moving imaginative score.

ANDREW PORTER

ENTERTAINMENTS

ALL Coloured Variety Concert (by 77 Club) in aid of Xmas Party for coloured children. Featuring American & British coloured stars and artists now in Britain. Oct.29 at St. Pancras Town Hall. Tickets 4s., 8s.6d., 11s. 6d. from Swan's Travel Bureau, 8 Great Russell St. W.C.1 MUSeum 4642.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League. Grand Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Saturday Oct. 28. Adm. 4s. Dancing 7.15-11 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

LANDSCAPES - an Exhibition of Oil Paintings by Arthur & Marianne Segal at the Cooling Galleries, 92 New Bond St., W.1. October 25 to November 3, 1950 incl. Open daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Free admiss.

TOOTH'S: Recent Paintings by Tristram Hillier and Geoffrey Tibble - 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. 31, Bruton Street, W.1.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

THE Significance of the New China. Conference organised by the China Campaign Committee on Sat. Oct. 28 at Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. (2 mins. from Victoria Stn.). Sessions: 3 to 5; 6 to 8. Speakers: Members of the Chinese Delegation. Dr.Joseph Needham, F.R.S. and Andrew Roth. Tkts. 2s.6d. from China Campaign Cttee., 17 Irving Street, W.C.2., or at door.

ENFORCE Road Safety Laws! Public Demonstration, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1., Tues. Oct. 24 at 7.30 p.m. Chair: Lord Teviot. Speakers: Professor A.L. Goodhart, Kingsley Martin, R. Graham Page (Pedestrians Association) and H.C. Shaw (Cyclists' Touring Club).Adm. free. Enquiries: CITy 5116.

HAMPSTEAD. Henry Levitt on Russia's Record at U.N.O. Oct. 24, 8 p.m. Stenfield House, Prince Arthur Road (off High Street and Fitzjohns Avenue). B.S.F.S.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Tuesday, Oct. 24 at 7.30. Mr. Jack Lindsay, the distinguished author, will speak on "The Establishment of the Czechoslovak Republic, 1918". Chair: Mr. Frantisek Kohac, First Secretary to the Czechoslovak Embassy. Admission free, all welcome.

MRS. T.D. Williams will speak on "Dr. Schweitzer - The Man". Oct. 20 at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. Oct. 27; John Stewart Collis on "Man & Trees - The New Crusade". All welcome.

HOYLE on Universe: Chair: Joad. Shaw Soc., 57 Dean Street, W.1.Oct. 27, 7.15 p.m. Members only. (6 mths. 5s. 6d.; 12 mths. 10s.). Dets. 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

BRIGHTON. Ritchie Calder on "Your Crusade Against Hunger". - Fabian House, 20/21 Richmond Place, Wednesday, October 25, 7.45 p.m.

BRITISH Council for German Democracy. "Germans are Re-arming".Speakers: S.O. Davies, M.P., Gordon Schaffer, Bill Blatteer, John Platts-Mills. Friday, Oct. 27 at 7.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill (Mansion House). Adm. 6d. Exhib. of Children's books from East Germany.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Wed. Oct.25 at 8 p.m. "Art and Artists in the London Galleries", illustrated lecture by Isaac Anitai. Non-members 1s.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun. Oct. 22 at 7.45. 783 Finchley Rd. Golders Green (Regal Cinema Bus-stop, 2, 28; 648, 660). J. T. Murphy: "Trends in Ideology".

PERSONALIST Group Lecture Series. Freud - Jung - Adler - Groddeck - a comparative study. A Public Discussion between Dr. W. Schindler (from the Freudian standpoint) and Mrs. Rowena Phillips (from Jungian). In Conway Hall, 7.30, Monday, October 23. Admission free.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Lecture Series by John Summerson. "English Taste". (3) Oct.24 - 19th Cent. - Chaos & Conscience.

RADIO and the Poet. Forum for discussion. Chair: Laurence Gilliam, 8 p.m.,Tues. Oct. 24. Egyptian Education Bureau, 4, Chesterfield Gdns., Curzon St., W.1. Institute of Contemporary Arts members only. (Membership enquiries 17 Dover Street, W.1. GRO.6186).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S. W. 1. October 28 at 6 pm Dr. Huet (Alliance Francaise): "Importance et intérêt de l'orientation professionelle en France".

DESIGN in Everyday Things. A lecture will be given by Mrs. Angus Maude for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33, Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Mon. Oct. 23 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

SOME Essentials of an Ethical Religion. G.E. O'Dell, at 11 a.m.Oct. 22. The Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, London, W.2.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. October 22: The Meaning of Pain.

BUDDHIST Society, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Public lect.Wed. Oct. 25, 6.30. "Buddhism and Western Thought". Mr.Christmas Humphreys. Offerings will be made to the Bhikkhus in England.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tues.evgs. at 7 p.m. Oct.24: W.E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Some Prehistoric Monsters". Admission free. Collection.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Oct. 22: Professor G.W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "Law, Reason and Justice".

ADLERIAN Society, Thurs. Oct. 26, 8 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Pl. W.C. "Brains Trust" on Individual Psychology by qualified team. Visitors invited. Send or bring psychological problems. R. Stamp, Secy., 32 Platts Lane, Hampstead.

LUNCH Hour talks on Yoga. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tuesdays 1 p.m. Oct.24: Conquest of Fear through Yoga. Oct.31: Conscious Living and Yoga.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Chanananda at Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube), every Thursday at 7.30 p.m. on Vedanta, Yoga, Psychology, etc. All welcome.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUCKLAND University College (Univ. of New Zealand). Applics. are invited for the position of Lecturer (or Senior Lecturer) in Geography. The salary scale for a Lecturer is £860, rising to £980, by annual increments of £30 (New Zealand currency), and for a Senior Lecturer, £800 rising to £900 per annum by annual increments of £30, (New Zealand currency). Applicants should be especially qualified in physical geography including geomorphology and climatology, and able to take responsibility for teaching courses and for directing research for the M.A. and Ph. D. Degrees in the regional Geography of the Pacific and especially of Australia and New Zealand. Duties to commence on Feb. 1, 1951, or soon thereafter as possible. Further partics. and information as to the method of applic. may be obtained from the Secretary, Assocn. of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 31, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Applics. are invited for the post of Lecturer in Moral and Political Philosophy. The salary of the Lecturer is in the range £500-£750 (Australian) per annum plus cost of living adjustment (at present £83 males, £44 females) with annual increments of £50 & is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act (negotiations for a general increase in University salaries are at present in progress). The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications & experience. The successful applicant will be reqd. to take up duties early in March, 1951. Further information may be obtained on applic. to the Secretary, The Assocn. of Universities of the British Commonwealth at 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Applics. supported by copies of testimonials and giving the names of three referees, should be forwarded to reach the undersigned not later than Oct. 31, 1950. W.H. Wise, Registrar, University of Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

NETHERNE Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Applications are invited for the position of Psychiatric Social Worker at Netherne Hospital. Candidates should possess qualifications approved by the Assocn. of Psychiatric Social Workers. Salary £450 per annum increasing by annual increments of £15 to £486 plus £30. London Weighting. The Hospital is situated 15 mls. from London. The Psychiatric Social Workers' Dept. offers experience with neurotic and psychotic in-patients, out-patients clinics and therapeutic Social Clubs. There is an establishment of 5 Psychiatric Social Workers, each with her own office. Adequate clerical help is provided, and there is a car available for the use of the department, otherwise mileage is paid to those who have their own cars. Applics. to be sent to the Secretary, Netherne Hospital Management Committee, Coulsdon, Surrey.

TUBERCULOSIS. London County Council invites applics. from persons possessing the certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or the Social Science certificate of one of the recognised schools of sociology, and who have had practical exp. in social work for appointment in the Public Health Dept. as local tuberculosis care organiser for duty at the Chest Clinic, Hammersmith Hospital, W.12. Sal. scale - £400 x £25 - £500 a year. The personappointed will be required to carry out the social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the local tuberculosis care committee. Application forms and further partics. obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, L. C. C. Health Offices, 129 Fulham Palace Road, W.6., to whom forms should be returned not later than October 28, 1950. (1240).

ESSEX Education Committee. Mid-Essex Technical College and School of Art, Market Rd., Chelmsford. Pottery Teacher required as soon as possible for part-time day and evening work. Applications stating quals etc., to Head of Art Dept., from whom further partics. are obtainable. D. N. Bungey, Deputy Chief Education Officer.

SHROPSHIRE Education Committee. County Library. Applics. are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Senior Cataloguer in the County Library. Salary A.P.T. II-III (£420 x £15 - £495); a successful candidate with distinctive experience may be started above the minimum. Applic. forms may be obtained from the undersigned, and shd. be returned not later than 14 days after publication of this advertisement. H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

MEDICAL Treatment Organisers required by the L.C.C. for the London Education Service. The duties are largely concerned with social work in connection with the School Health Service including the recruiting and training of voluntary workers. A Social Science Diploma or similar qualification is desirable but candidates should have had exper. in practical social work. Salary £375-£25-£500 a year. Senior positions are normally filled by promotion. Applics. should be made on a form obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S. E. 1., and should be returned by October 28, 1950. (1287).

EAST Suffolk County Education Committee. Youth Club Leader required in Nov. or Dec. for a mixed club at Beccles, with its own premises. Candidates must be of good educatl. standard, and have had previous exp. of mixed club work. Preference will be given to trained leaders. Salary scale for qualified leaders - Burnham scale for Assistant Teachers. Men: £300 x £15 - £555. Women: £270 x £12 - £444. plus allowance for graduates. Applics., with copies of 2 recent testimonials, should be sent to the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Ipswich, within 2 weeks of the appearance of this advertisement. Forms of application may be obtained on request.

CHILDREN'S Home. (16 children, boys and girls) run on family lines, reqs. Assistant Senior Housemother. Training and experience in child care necessary and ability to take responsibility. Happy, friendly work and conditions. Good holidays. 30 mins. Central London. Write Box 9110.

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1928. Produced in the U.K. by Quickprint Ltd., Eden St., London, N.W.1., and published weekly at 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.